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Rev. W. H. Bronscombe 30 Aug 06

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Jem's Sermon.

'Roast beef, turnip tops, mash, and bread, miss, for two.'

'I say, Jem, you're goin' it!' exclaimed the companion of the man who was giving this comprehensive order; 'roast beef don't come my way every day, an' turnip tops! Ain't tasted tops this season.'

'May as well do the thing comfortable when we're at it,' returned Jem, lifting up the newspaper while they waited. 'I 'old with a good

dinner, mate. Lots o' shows on at the present time,' he continued, running his eye down the advertising columns of the 'Chronicle.' 'I'm thinkin' o' takin' the wife an' the little uns to see that 'ere Great Wheel, Saturday afternoon, Joe.'

'You're a lucky dog, you are,' Joe responded dolefully. 'Some gets hup an' some goes down. It's not so many years agone, Jem, w'en you was just sich as I be myself, an' look at you now. It's downright disgustin'!' concluded Joe, bringing down his great fist with a thump on the table. 'Some fellers git all the luck.'

At this point the waitress of the cook-shop appeared with one heaped-up plate and set it down.

'T'other's a-comin' presently, sir,' she observed, and hurried off.

'You take that lot an' go ahead, Joe,' said Jem Davis, 'I'll wait.'

Joe instantly obeyed. 'It's a bit unmannerly,' he remarked, as he conveyed an enormous portion to his mouth; 'but w'en a feller ain't 'ad no breakfast to speak o' ee's precious peckish come dinner-time.'

'Right you are, old chap,' responded Davis good-naturedly. 'I've knowed 'ard times too, though, thank God, I ain't nothink to complain o' at the present.'

For a moment there was silence. The first edge of Joe's appetite over, however, he looked about him uneasily.

'Wot's up? Victuals wrong?' asked Davis, pushing the cruet over.

'No,' replied Jenkyns, 'victuals is prime. Ain't got no fault to find wi' victuals, but—say, Jem, ain't you goin' to 'ave a drink?'

'No, Joe, I ain't,' replied Davis firmly. 'It's drink as has lost you your job, an' brought you w'ere you are. 'Ha' your dinner an' welcome, I'll pay the score, but never you nor me nor any other man gits a drink out o' my pocket. I ain't going to preach no sermons, but this I 'ez—w'en I stopped dinin' the landlord o' the Blue Lion, I found I 'ad a sight more victuals to dine off myself, not to speak o' the wife an' the kids,—an' so would you!'

It wasn't a bad sermon, was it?—'Adviser.'

Old Miss Kline's Garden Party

(Ernest Gilmore, in 'American Messenger.')

That is not my name for her—please remember—but all the neighbors called her 'old Miss Kline.' She was not really old either, for she had not reached sixty, but her face was wrinkled and gray, and her hair as white as snow. She had been all alone in the world for over ten years. No one lived with her but Becky and Duncan, two servants. They were both older than 'old Miss Kline,' but it was hard to believe it, for Becky was strong—had dark hair and a smooth face without wrinkles, with cheeks like an apple, just flushed with red.

Duncan had a young face, too, and 'could hoe his own roe' with the best of them, as he would have told you.

Old Miss Kline was rather delicate, but she accomplished considerable in her way. She cared more for her flowers than for anything else under the sun, although most of them were as old-fashioned as she was. There was a whole row of hollyhocks down the back fence. Great towering sunflowers were their very near neighbors. There were lilacs and syringas and marigolds. There was a bed of forget-me-nots. There were clumps of red and white peonies, and the yellow honeysuckle stretched nearly around the old summer house. The sweetest of old-fashioned roses and pinks bloomed there. There were sweet-scented shrubs and green grass and sunshine mingled with shade and soft breezes and birds' songs in old Miss Kline's garden.

But she was not happy. You see her burdens had been too heavy for her weak shoulders, and she had forgotten the great 'Burden-Bearer' who would have helped her carry them.

She did not seem to remember that it was to her as well as to others that our blessed Christ had said, 'Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

Old Miss Kline had very few friends. She might have had more, if she cared for them, but she did not, at least so she thought.

One Summer the Forsyths, who lived next door to old Miss Kline, went abroad. They rented their house to a family from the city. There was a little golden-haired girl in the family—the youngest of the flock, who had never lived in the country before. She was charmed with everything she saw.

'Oh, isn't it lovely?' said some one to old Miss Kline, as she was tying up a climbing rose to the trellis.

Old Miss Kline gave a start, for the voice was at her elbow and she had supposed she was alone. She saw a small girl with sunshiny face regarding her serenely.

'Well,' said she, 'who are you? And what are you doing here in my garden?'

'I'm Evelyn Harold,' was the answer; 'I came through the hedge to see you. You don't mind, do you?'

Perhaps old Miss Kline did mind, but she could not say so to the child who spoke so sweetly.

'I'm your next-door neighbor,' announced the visitor.

'Ah!'

'I love flowers—don't you?'

'Yes, I love them more than anything else on earth.'

Evelyn looked surprised.

'Not more than "folks"?' she questioned wonderingly.

'Yes.'

'I don't—I love folks best of all, but I love flowers a good deal. Would you mind if I should look around a little? I'll not touch anything.'

She received permission to look around, and wandered about slowly at her own sweet will. She knelt down beside the bed of blue forget-me-nots, looking at them wistfully, but she did not touch them. She sniffed the fragrance of the roses, the pinks and the sweet-scented

shrubs. She sat down on a rustic bench and listened to the birds singing in the old trees. She watched the fountain play. When she returned to old Miss Kline, her face was radiant.

'Oh,' she said, 'it's the prettiest garden I ever saw. Are there any little girls living here?'

'No.'

'Any little boys.'

'No.'

'Oh,' said she, with a little catch of regret in her voice.

'Do you know what I'd like to do if I lived here and had this beautiful garden?' she asked innocently.

'What would you like to do?'

'I'd like to have a party—a garden party. Wouldn't it be lovely? Did you ever have a garden party?'

'No, I never did have one.'

'Fannie had one last summer.'

'Who is Fannie?'

'She's my sister. We didn't have such a garden as this—oh, no. It was a little bit of a place, just a tiny city backyard. There weren't any birds singing there and there wasn't any fountain or roses. But it had green grass and a mound of pansies and there was a vine running over the fence.'

Old Miss Kline smiled grimly.

'Not much of a place for a garden party,' she remarked.

'No, it wasn't,' assented Evelyn, 'but Fannie said it was the best she could do. It was cool and pleasant out there, and she thought they'd like it—the guests—you know.'

'Did they like it?'

Old Miss Kline was interested in spite of herself. She was tired, too, so she sat down on a garden seat. The little golden-haired girl sat down beside her.

'Oh, I should think so. You see there wasn't even a blade of green grass where they lived, as Fannie said. I wish you could have seen them. They were poor children, you know. Fannie got them from the slums. She said she wanted them to have one good time in their lives if they should never have another. I helped wait on them. We had such nice things to eat—chicken sandwiches and Queen olives, great big ones, and the dearest little frosted-cakes. We had peaches, too, and lemonade. And, oh, they were so happy—these poor children.'

'That was very kind of your sister,' observed old Miss Kline.

'Was it? I didn't think about it. Well, it wouldn't be nice not to be kind to the poor, would it? And Jesus Christ wouldn't like it.'

'Evelyn! Evelyn!'

Someone was calling from the other side of the hedge.

'That's mamma calling,' said the little guest, 'I must go. Good-bye!' and she ran off.

The sun seemed to have gone down as the golden-head disappeared through the hedge that separated the two yards. Old Miss Kline watched the latter as long as it was in sight. There was a strange look on her face—something like the expression we see on a face just aroused from a deep sleep.

'It wouldn't be nice not to be kind to the poor—would it? And Jesus Christ wouldn't like it.'

Over and over the words rang in her soul. Was she kind to the poor? Oh, no, she had not thought of the poor. And Jesus Christ did not like it—at least so the little guest declared. Didn't he? Why hadn't she been kind to the poor? She did not know, only her heart had been sore and her burden heavy. But was her heart less sore, her burden less heavy because she had refrained from helping others? Oh, no, not so, not so. There had been a time when she had wanted to make her life high and sweet, why had she not done so? Her reverie was interrupted by Becky who called her to dinner. She went in slowly, made herself ready, and sat down alone at the little table. There was a tender broiled steak, mashed potatoes, delicious peas, crisp lettuce, warm biscuit and other good things. She had the best of food always, and Becky was an excellent cook, but somehow she had not thought of expressing any gratitude that this was so. But she did so now—folding her hands and asking an audible blessing. After dinner, according to her usual custom, she took a nap. She dreamed she had a garden-party. The lame and the halt and the blind were there, and a little golden-haired girl—with wings like an angel's—was waiting on the happy guests.

When she awoke she opened her Bible, which she had not read for some time. Turning to the Gospel of Matthew she read:

'For I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat. I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink.

'I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick and in prison, and ye visited me not.

'Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, or a thirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?

'Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.'

'It is plain enough that Jesus Christ doesn't like it, because I have not been kind to the poor,' cried old Miss Kline to herself.

But where were the poor in Brierly? In the city one would not be obliged to hunt for them. They swarmed in tenements. They were in damp basements and sweltering attics. They were playing in gutters and working their weary lives out in sweatshops.

Old Miss Kline had not been further than her own garden for a long time, but she started for a walk now—Becky watching her wonderingly.

'There's a struggle for life everywhere,' said she to herself, 'and there must be poor folks here somewhere.'

What she intended to do if she found this class of people she had not yet decided. She walked slowly, for it was a warm afternoon and she hardly knew in which direction to go. Suddenly she turned about, retraced her steps and walked toward the canal. It had occurred to her that there were a number of little houses on the tow-path. Some sweaters used to live there, who worked in the city. Brierly was only six miles from the city, and was connected by trolley. She had not visited that locality for years, the tow-path, and she found it much changed for the worse. At the first house she was met by a pale-faced little woman who politely invited her in but, evidently, felt ashamed of the look of things. The house was redolent with the smell of cooking onions and the air was hot and stifling. The sun beat down upon the low roof. There was no garden, not even a blade of grass, the only outlook was upon the canal glaring in the intense light. The father sat on an old chair leaning back. His face was thin and worn, he had just recovered from a severe sickness, and life looked exceedingly dark to him. He had been employed in a sweater's den in the city previous to his sickness. There were six children. Two were of an age to work in a sweater's shop, where they were that day. The four younger ones were at home. They were dirty and barefooted, with scarcely clothes enough on to make them look decent.

'But how can they help it—poor things?' thought old Miss Kline, with a rapidly growing compassion.

She talked with the father and mother and became much interested. She visited two or three others and then went home. She felt like another person. She was in another world altogether. There were pain and sorrow and poverty, but she knew now that she could help lift up. The next week she had a garden party, which if not brilliant was a most delightful affair. The families from the tow-path were there all the long summer afternoon. The Harolds were all there helping. Sydney played on his violin. Fannie sang like a nightingale. Mrs. Harold assisted Becky in passing the abundant and delicious refreshments. Duncan swung the children. Everyone did something. As for the birds, they sang jubilantly for the edification of the 'least of these.' The flowers sent forth their fragrance for them—the balmy air fanned them.

Little Evelyn Harold's face was radiant, but it did not outshine 'old Miss Kline's.' It was an eventful day to the latter, for it was the beginning of better things. Her feet were on a ladder whose top touched the city with golden streets.

The Power of Prayer.

A poor widow in Brooklyn, N.Y., was sick and dependent for support on the labor of her beautiful young daughter, who was employed in an office in New York. One one occasion the daughter was told by her employer that she would be needed in the office till a late hour the next night, and, of course, she would be obliged to come home alone. The next morning, as the mother bade good-by to her brave daughter, she said: 'When you are coming home to-night I shall be praying for you.'

At last the hum of the weary day and evening was past. The young girl started for her distant home. While crossing the ferry between New York and Brooklyn some one rudely touched her arm. Looking up, she inhaled the foul breath of tobacco and liquor, and heard the whisper, 'Have you company home to-night?' I have,' she said, and moved on in the crowd. Soon the same wicked young man came and asked if he could accompany her home. She said, decidedly, 'No, I have company,' and moved on further into the crowd.

When they left the ferry-boat the same fiendish wretch took her arm, and said: 'I see you have no company home, so I will walk home with you.'

Turning, she looked him straight in the face, and said: 'I have company home. The Lord God Almighty and his holy angels are my company home to-night.'

The man shrank back and dared not again touch her, and she went safely home with her heavenly escort, for 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them' (Ps. xxxiv., 7).

But what was the cause of this deliverance? That dear mother's prayers, together with the pure heart and faith of the daughter. God does hear prayer. Dear parents, you who have children who, to earn a livelihood must be exposed to temptation, pray for them, and teach them to believe that God will protect them.—'Hope.'

Acknowledgments.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Over the Hill.

The path that mounts over the hilltops
  Is stony and rough to the feet.
The snow drifts there deepest in winter;
  In summer it burns in the heat.
To rest on the plain is more pleasant,
  And many prefer it—but still
The man who sits down in the valley
  Will never get over the hill.

Beyond are the goals of achievement;
  Beyond, through the sun or the snow;
Are the heights of success and of honor,
  Where the feet of the conquerors go.
They leave flow'ry meadows behind them
  Their place on the summits to fill,
For the man who sits down in the valley
  Will never get over the hill.

Up, up, though the climbing grows steeper,
  On, on, without thought of a stop;
Though tired feet may stumble and blister,
  There's time for a rest at the top.
Wide, wide is the view from the summit
  For each climber of resolute will;
But he who sits down in the valley
  Will never get over the hill.
—'Classmate.'

Dan Wooster's Victory.

A PUZZLE STORY.

(N. A. Villus, in the 'Ram's Horn.')

The last day of school had come, the day long looked for, and the closing exercises had been very successful. Miss Mary Stuart, the teacher, drew a long breath of relief and of thankfulness as she passed out from the school house door, and stood for a moment to bid farewell to her little scholars and once more wish them a pleasant vacation.

As she turned to walk away, she noticed one boy looking very earnestly after her. He was one of her brightest scholars, and she felt a more than usual interest in him because she believed that his home life was not calculated to make a good boy of him. He had lost his mother through death, and his father seemed to be too busy to notice the company little Dan was keeping. Mr. Wooster had come to the village from a large city, and this had been Dan's first year at that school. Miss Stuart that very morning as she passed on her way to school, had been shocked by the sound of vile words coming from a group of lads gathered in an alley way. Prominent among the rest she noticed Dan Wooster, and his face flushed red as he saw his beloved teacher looking sorrowfully at him as she passed. Remembering this, she turned again and called to him:

'I have a little favor to ask of you, Dan. I know that you like me, and I believe you will gladly do a little to oblige me. I want you to promise me that while I am gone you will keep away from that gang of boys with whom I saw you this morning. Will you promise me that, Dan?'

'Yes, I will, Miss Stuart,' answered the boy, earnestly, 'I know they ain't no good.'

'That's right, Dan; they are not good for you. And now, one thing more. I have a puzzle for you to work out. It is this: I want you to take the ten letters of your name

DAN WOOSTER

and make three little words out of them that shall serve as a message from me to you while I am away. You are clever, Dan, and I feel sure that you can solve this puzzle. If you do, and if during vacation you act according to the message, I will bring you a handsome present when I return.'

'I don't believe I can work that puzzle, Miss Stuart,' said Dan, 'but I'll try real hard, just to please you. Good-bye.'

Dan walked soberly toward his home, and on the road he twisted and turned his name about, wondering what the message could be. At home he took down his slate and wrote down the name in big capitals:

DAN WOOSTER,

then he arranged and re-arranged the letters until dusk of evening came. He thought about the problem as he laid in bed that night, and took up the puzzle again early in the morning, but could find no clew.

'Three little words,' he muttered, as he fingered his pencil, 'that's what Miss Stuart said, and she said I could do it, too, but I guess she's mistaken. I hate to disappoint her, but—hold on! What's that?'

As he grumbled away to himself he kept on writing down the letters in different combinations, and suddenly he saw a possibility of a correct solution. Following up the clew, he so arranged the letters that a message of vital importance to him stood out plainly before his eyes.

'Well, wouldn't that beat you?' said the surprised boy. 'All right, Miss Stuart, I'll take your advice.'

The months of vacation passed, and Dan tried earnestly and steadily to live up to the message. Early on the morning of the day when school was again to be opened, Dan, in company with a young friend waited impatiently for the coming of Miss Stuart. At last she came in sight, and the eager boy swung his cap triumphantly as he strove to keep from shouting aloud the story of his victory.

'Good morning, Dan,' said Miss Stuart, smiling, 'I see that you have found out my message.'

'Oh, Miss Stuart,' said the boy, 'I've done what you wished; I've kept your message.'

Miss Stuart clasped the boy's hand and said: 'Thank God for victory!'

Who can tell what are the words of Miss Stuart's message?

The Broken Jars.

'Teacher, teacher! will you give me a penny for another jar?' cried a little Hindoo girl between her sobs to a missionary lady one fine morning.

It was in India. The lady was just entering the yard in which stood the schoolhouse, a few acacia-trees, and some rose-bushes in full bloom. Twenty brown-faced, bright-eyed girls were playing there. But at sight of their teacher all play ceased, and touching their foreheads with the right hand as a sign of welcome, they ran before her into the low building made of sunburnt bricks which served as a schoolroom. Here seated upon the floor, they waited until school should open with a lesson from the New Testament.

But the lady did not open the good book this morning. She came slowly in, leading the weeping Tara.

In two corners of the bare, cheerless room, stood black stone jars filled with water. In a third, pieces of a broken jar were scattered around, which when the little girl saw she wept afresh.

'Tara,' said the teacher, 'is this your jar? Who has broken it?'

'I smashed it myself,' sobbed the child.

'You did it yourself purposely, and yet you cry!' said the lady with wonder.'

Shantee touched it with her hands and she made it unclean, so I did as our holy books tell us to do, I broke it. Oh, teacher, will you give me a penny to buy another?' and Tara looked up through her shining tears.

'Poor little girl,' said the teacher, smoothing the long tangled hair, obedience to such commands does not bring happiness. My child, does your book tell who made the world and the people?'

'Yes,' said Tara; 'one god whose name is Brahma made the world and all the people in it. He made the people from his own body. From his head he made wise men, and from his arms and shoulders he made strong men, like soldiers, and kings; merchants and others he made from his loins, but poor men and servants came from the feet of Brahma.'

'And from what part were you, do you suppose, Tara?'

'My father is high up, he is a merchant, but Shantee's father is a servant, so when she touched my jar it was polluted—my nice new jar—and now it is broken—Oh, dear!' Her little heart was aching with real sorrow, not that she had broken the jar, for that she had thought right, but that it had been made unclean as she termed it.'

'Sit down, Tara,' said her teacher, 'and when you are quiet, we will talk.'

In obedience she turned away, but, half-blinded with tears, she fell over a rude bench that served as a table. It gave way, and she was thrown to the floor, when striving to disentangle herself from the broken bench and torn frock she incautiously caught hold of one of the remaining jars. Instantly a girl of twelve or fourteen years started up with words of abuse falling thick and fast from her lips, and before any one could prevent had dashed the jar into a hundred fragments upon the ground.

'Tara, Tara!' she screamed, 'thou daughter of a merchant, why hast thou touched my jar?'

Many bitter words would have been spoken by the two girls but the teachers bade them be silent. It was then explained that the oldest girl was of high-caste, and none of her inferiors might so much as lay hand upon, much less drink from, the jar she called hers. As the low-caste Shantee had broken this rule of caste in regard to Tara's jar, so in the same way had Tara offended the high-caste Saluse.

It is too true that in India all the people are divided into seperate classes or castes that never intermarry, never eat or drink together nor may they even touch the vessels belonging to one another. Should a vessel be touched by a low-caste person, it must be purified by fire if it be of brass or copper, but if only cheap earthenware, like these penny jars, they must be broken in pieces.

Three different castes were represented in this mission school. They were all Hindoos and strict in obeying the commands of their so-called holy book. The missionary teacher could not forbid this, for they would have left the school had their idolatry been interfered with. So easily are these little things brought to fear the breaking of caste, that Tara declared she would rather die than drink from Shantee's jar, which, of course, would not have been true had death been really close at hand.

A few days previous the girls had asked for a few pennies to buy water jars. Willingly the request was granted, for in that hot country the little ones wish often for a cup

of cold water. There were no wells near. All the water was brought from a river that flowed by at a distance from the school, but too far for little feet to travel in the burning sun, so it was well that fresh water should be kept in the schoolroom. Accordingly these jars were purchased, and this was the first day of their use. Half an hour before three of the girls might have been seen coming from the riverside, the jars poised easily on their heads, while they sang the new hymn their teacher had taught them.

Now two of the jars were broken. That one belonging to the lowest caste alone remained. No fear of any one polluting their jars.

Here was the beginning of trouble to the new teacher. Caste, that fatal obstacle to all good, to all progress in India, met her on the threshold. What should she do! Knowing the power of music she said quietly to her troubled school, 'Let us sing our new hymn.'

Clearly, sweetly, and in unison rose the words, 'Let us love one another.' Then she read how God made of one blood all nations, how Christ came, the prince of peace and God of love; and the noisy lips were still while in a few words she asked that peace and love might be given to them. Although none of the young hearts were converted, yet there stole over them a sudden quiet, and when asked, 'Who shall have the remaining jar?' for it was still unused, the generous Tara said, 'There is no one else like me, I will drink at home before I come, and the angry high-caste, forgetting her pride, added, 'And there is no one like me. I am big; I will go to the river so let the out-castes have it.' And thus the last were first. The twenty girls of inferior caste drank from one jar; and though the caste of each remained unbroken, the school became a house of peace, for they loved one another; and to-day the broken jars are all forgotten.

But from this anecdote may be seen how strong is the influence of caste even among children. It is directly opposite to the spirit of Christ, yet it prevails everywhere in heathen India. How thankful ought all the readers of this story to be that their home is not out there! But take care, little ones, that you do not cultivate the caste spirit even here. St. Paul says, 'In lowliness of mind let each esteem others better than themselves.'—Missionary Paper.

Queen Victoria's Dolls.

A QUAINT COLLECTION CONTAINING REPRODUCTIONS OF HISTORICAL PERSONAGES.

A servant rummaging in one of the garrets of Buckingham Palace some years ago, when Queen Victoria was still alive, found a number of dolls which were dressed by the Queen when she was a little girl. The discovery of this collection of old-fashioned dollies caused quite an excitement at Osborne, where the news was speedily sent. The Queen at once telegraphed to have the dolls seated on chairs and sofas and photographed and the pictures sent down to her at once. She derived a great deal of satisfaction from these quaint memorials of her childhood.

Some of the dolls had been made by the Queen herself when she was only the little Princess Victoria. The bodies were fashioned in the usual way and the regulation china head attached. Many of them, however, were the quaint jointed wooden dolls that few children of the present day have seen, but that their grandmothers remember.

Some of the dolls, which are now in the Kensington Museum, in London, are dressed in old Flemish costumes, in which red and yellow predominate, and wear ponderous wooden shoes. There are six of these, four being dressed as girls and two as boys.

Most of the English dolls are dressed to represent historical personages, and some are named for friends of Her Majesty's girlhood. Henry VIII. has a variety of counterfeit presentments, in one of which he is dressed in full armor made by fine stitches of silver thread, that give the appearance of steel. Queen Elizabeth was a favorite also, several dolls being dressed to represent her. Some are in court costume, made with nicest detail, and others are in riding habits.

A group composed of Shakespeare and Ann Hathaway and a figure representing Dr. Johnson show that the little princess developed at an early age the literary tastes that have been characteristic of her life. Shakespeare is dressed evidently after the well-known picture in his house at Stratford-on-Avon, and his wife wears the costume of that period. To prevent possibility of 'mistaken identity,' Ann Hathaway is written on the fine linen underclothing of that personage.

The French dolls represent Napoleon Bonaparte, Empress Josephine and Marie Louise. The Russian dolls show the Czar's uniform of white broadcloth, gold laced and corded, and various dazzling Court costumes. The headdress is of rich lace with strings of pearls. Dolls in Swiss and Italian costumes are numerous, and in every instance are faithful reproductions.

All the dolls were supplied by Victoria with outfits for every possible occasion, informal and state, day and night. Each had real hair, golden or brown, which at that time was a startling novelty.

Her Majesty permitted the publication of a book by a young English woman, called 'Queen Victoria's Dolls,' in which colored plates showed exactly how these infants of her childish years were dressed.. It was stated at the time that, although the name of Frances H. Low appeared on the title page, the Queen's interest in her old friends was so strongly revived that she wrote much of the book herself.

What Would Jesus Do?

It was in silver letters, on a black card in the shape of a shield, and a similar card hung in every room in the house, halls, parlors, dining-room and even the kitchen.

Such a home-like house it was, too, that watering-place boarding-house, with its large cool rooms, filled with pleasant guests; and the cheery family of the host who had the faculty of making one feel so much at home that it was really more like visiting than boarding, and the rides on horseback, and drives to the places of interest, and picnics, and moonlight excursions. Ah, what a place to rest in!

But that card; what did it mean?

I knew the elder daughter of the house was soon to go as a missionary to the foreign field, and wondered why she had not selected some Bible text for the home instead of that strange question.

One day I came in feeling sad, perplexed and cast down in spirit almost to despair, I knew not what to do, or say, hardly what to think, and I knew of no friend to whom I could look for counsel or aid.

Suddenly my eyes fell on the silver letters 'What would Jesus Do?' Instantly their meaning flashed on me, what would he do if he were here now, and if my trouble were his trouble?

I remembered the garden, when his friends slept and his, 'Could ye not watch with me one hour?' and how they all deserted him at last, as earthly friends do when troubles come, for

> Laugh and the world laughs with you,
> Weep and you weep alone!

So I lost no time in asking him what to do, and he led me, step by step through my Gethsemane.—'The Mid-Continent.'

The Extra Nail.

'Dobbin is so wise about doing mischievous things,' said papa Warren, 'that if I don't mend this door so as to keep him from putting his head over it, he will soon manage to open it and come out where he can feast himself.'

So Mr. Warren nailed the board on the stall and repaired the door, Nat handing him the nails.

'Hand me another,' said Mr. Warren, when Nat thought the work was surely finished.

'Why, papa, you've put enough nails in to hold that board,' Nat said.

'Yes, it seems so, and they would hold it, if all that was wanted was to keep the board in place; but I want it to stay in place when Dobbin tries to get it off, as he will, so I'll put in an extra nail to make sure. One nail, my boy, may not amount to much, but until others are pounded in, one extra one may keep the others from coming out;' and Mr. Warren carefully drove a stout nail to its place.

'Sometimes, Nat,' he said, 'a nail may go into a worm hole, or some such thing, and then it will not hold. An extra nail in another place may make up for that. I remember once, when I was a boy, my father sent me into the pasture to mend the fence. A cow had broken a board. I foolishly took a few nails in hand, instead of taking the box, and then I lost a couple of them on the way. I put in what I had and said, "That ought to be enough; I'm sure it will hold," and so left it. And so the board would have held if nothing had pushed against it, but Bossy, having made a hole there once, tried again and succeeded; and so breaking one board made it easier to push off another, and she got out and got lost, and hurt herself, and gave father no end of trouble, all for want of an extra nail to make that fence absolutely tight. Now, when I think I have driven enough for ordinary purposes, I put in an extra one to make sure.'

When all the small repairs about the barn and waggon shed and other places had been made, the two went in.

'You've made everything tight, I'm sure, papa,' said Nat. 'You used plenty of nails.'

'It is worth while,' said papa. 'Better spend a nail than lose a board, or have it come off at the wrong time.'

'Do you know your Sunday-school lesson, Nat?' asked Mr. Warren that evening, for it was Saturday.

'I think so,' was the answer. 'I've studied it all over.'

'Go over it once more, then, and make sure,' said Mr. Warren. 'It will be like an extra nail; it won't be wasted.'

'I ought to know it now,' said Nat; 'I've studied it enough.'

'I know your mother went over it with you, a time or two, but you have had other things to think about since them, and maybe they have pushed that lesson out of place. A great many things crowd against the lessons, sometimes. Go over it again and make it fast in your mind, so that nothing can shake it. Put in the extra nail.'

Nat obeyed, and found, before he was right

through, that his father was right. The lesson had been shaken out of place somewhat. He had forgotten the particular text the teacher had given him to learn in addition to the Golden Text. The extra nail fastened it securely. If he had not reviewed the lesson that last time, he would not have met his teacher well prepared.

Here is a little lesson for all Sunday-school scholars. It will not cost them even the price of a nail; they may have it freely. It is this: Don't put off Bible lessons with just so much study as might make them hold; fasten them so that they cannot slip.—'Happy Hours.'

My Master and My Friend.

(J. E. Bode.)

O Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou forever near me,
My Master and my Friend.
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side;
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my guide.

O, let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will.
O, speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control;
O, speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O, give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend.

'He That is Least.'

('Ian Maclaren,' author of 'The Bonnie Brier Bush,' and specially contributed to the 'Times.')

Being a household of moderate attainments, and not being at all superior people, we were gravely concerned on learning that it was our duty to entertain the distinguished scholar, for our pride was chastened by anxiety. His name was carried far and wide on the wings of fame, and even learned people referred to him with a reverence in their tone, because it was supposed there was almost nothing within the range of languages and philosophy and theology which he did not know, and that if there happened to be any obscure department he had not yet overtaken, he would likely be on the way to its conquest. We speculated on what he would be like—having only heard rumors—and whether he would be strangely clothed; we discussed what kind of company we could gather to meet such a man, and whether we ought not, that is, the two trembling heads of the household, to read up some subject beforehand that we might be able at least to know where he was if we could not follow him. And we were haunted with the remembrance of a literary woman who once condescended to live with us for two days, and whose conversation was so exhausting that we took it in turns, like the watch on board ship, one standing on the bridge with the spin drift of quotations flying over his head, and the other snatching a few minutes sleep to strengthen her for the storm. That overwhelming lady was only the oracle of a circle after all, but our coming visitor was known to the ends of the earth.

It was my place to receive him at the station, and pacing up and down the platform, I turned over in my mind appropriate subjects for conversation in the cab, and determined to lure the great man into a discussion of the work of an eminent Oxford philosopher which had just been published, and which I knew something about. I had just arranged a question which I intended to submit for his consideration when the express came in, and I hastened down the first-class carriages to identify the great man. High and mighty people, clothed in purple and fine linen, or what corresponds to such garments in our country, were descending in troops with servants and porters waiting upon them, but there was no person that suggested a scholar. Had he, in the multitude of his thoughts, forgotten his engagement altogether, or had he left the train at some stopping place, and allowed it to go without him? Anything is possible with such a learned man.

Then I saw a tall and venerable figure descend from a third-class compartment, and a whole company of genuine 'third-classers' handing out his luggage, while he took the most affectionate farewell of them. A workingman got out to deposit the scholar's Gladstone bag upon the platform while his wife passed out his umbrella, and another workingman handled delicately a parcel of books. The scholar shook hands with every one of his fellow-passengers, including children, and then I presented myself, and looked him in the face. He was rather over six feet in height, and erect as a sapling, dressed in old-fashioned and well-brushed black clothes, and his face placed me immediately at ease, for though it was massive and grave, with deep lines and crowned with thick white hair, his eyes were so friendly and sincere; had such an expression of modesty and affection, that even then, and on the first experience, I forgot the gulf between us. Next instant, and almost before I had mentioned my name, he seized me by the hand, and thanked me for my coming.

'This, my good sir,' he said, with his old-fashioned courtesy, 'is a kindness which I never for an instant anticipated, and when I remember your many important engagements (important!) and the sacrifice which this gracious act (gracious!) must have entailed upon you, I feel this to be an honor, an honor, sir, for which you will accept this expression of gratitude.'

It seemed as if there must have been something wrong in our imagination of a great man's manner, and when he insisted, beyond my preventing, in carrying his bag himself, and would only allow me with many remonstrances to relieve him of his books; when I had difficulty in persuading him to enter a cab, because he was anxious to walk to our house, our fancy portrait had almost disappeared. Before leaving the platform he had interviewed the guard and thanked him by both words and deed for certain 'gracious and mindful attentions in the course of the journey.'

My wife acknowledged that she had been waiting to give the great man afternoon tea, in fear and trembling, but there was something about him so winsome that she did not need even to study my face, but felt at once that however trying writing women and dilettante critics might be, one could be at home with a chief scholar. When I described the guests who were coming to meet him at dinner—such eminent persons as I could gather—he was overcome by the trouble we had taken but also alarmed lest he should be hardly fit for their company, being, as he explained himself, a man much restricted in knowledge through the just burden of professional studies. And before he went to his room to dress, he had struck up an acquaintance with the youngest member of the family, who seemed to have forgotten that our guest was a very great man, and had visited a family of Japanese mice with evident satisfaction. During dinner he was so conscious of his poverty of attainment in the presence of so many distinguished people that he would say very little, but listened greedily to everything that fell from the lips of a young Oxford man, who had taken a fair degree, and knew everything. After dinner we wiled him into a field where very few men have gone, and where he was supposed to know everything that could be known, and then, being once started, he spoke for forty minutes to our huge delight, with such a fullness and accuracy of knowledge, with such a lucidity and purity of speech—allowing for the old-fashioned style—that even the Oxford man was silent and admired. Once and again he stopped to qualify his statement of some other scholar's position lest he should have done him injustice, and in the end he became suddenly conscious of the time he had spoken and implored every one's pardon, seeing, as he explained, 'that the gentlemen present will likely have far more intimate knowledge of this subject than I can ever hope to attain.' He then asked whether any person present had ever seen a family of Japanese mice, and especially whether they had ever seen them waltzing, or, as he described it, 'performing circular motions of the most graceful and intricate nature, with almost incredible continuance.' And when no one had, he insisted on the company going to visit the menagerie, which was conducted not unbecoming a gentleman, but very unbecoming a scholar.

Next morning, as he was a clergyman, I asked him to take family worship, and in the course of the prayer he made most tender supplication for the sick relative of 'one who serves in this household,' and we learned that he had been conversing with the housemaid who attended to his room, having traced some expression of sorrow on her face, and found out that her mother was ill; while we, the heads of the household, had known nothing whatever about the matter, and while we imagined that a scholar would be only distinctly aware that a housemaid had a mother. It was plainer than ever that we knew nothing whatever about great scholars. The public function for which he came was an overwhelming success, and after the lapse of now many years people still remember that man of amazing erudition and grandeur of speech. But we, being simple people, and especially a certain lad, who is rapidly coming now to manhood, remember with keen delight how this absurd scholar had hardly finished afternoon tea before he demanded to see the mice, who were good enough to turn out from their nest, a mother and four children, and having rotated, the mother by herself, and the children by themselves, and each one having rotated by itself, all whirled round together in one delirium of delight, partly the delight of the mice and partly of the scholar.

Having moved us all to the tears of the heart by his prayer next morning, for it was as the supplication of a little child, so simple, so confiding, so reverent and affectionate, he bade the whole household farewell, from the oldest to the youngest, with a suitable word for each, and he shook hands with the servants, making special inquiry for the housemaid's mother, and—there is no use concealing a scholar's disgrace any more than another man's—he made his last call upon the Japanese mice, and departed bowing at the door,

and bowing at the gate of the garden, and bowing before he entered the cab, and bowing his last farewell from the window, while he loaded us all with expressions of gratitude for our 'gracious and unbounded hospitality which had refreshed him alike both in body and mind.' And he declared that he would have both that hospitality and ourselves in 'continual remembrance.'

Before we retired to rest I had approached the question of his expenses, although I had an instinct that our scholar would be difficult to handle, and he had waived the whole matter as unworthy of attention. On the way to the station I insisted upon a settlement, with the result that he refused to charge any fee, being thankful if his 'remarks,' for he refused to give them the name of lecture, had been of any use for the furtherance of knowledge, and as regards expenses they were limited to a third-class return fare. He also explained that there were no other charges, as he travelled in cars and not in cabs, and any gifts he bestowed (by which I understood the most generous tips to every human being that served him in any fashion) were simply a private pleasure of his own. When I established him in the corner of a third-class compartment, with his humble luggage above his head, and an Arabic book in his hand, and some slight luncheon for the way in his pocket, he declared that he was going to travel as a real prince. Before the train left, an old lady opposite him in the carriage—I should say a tradesman's widow—was already explaining the reason of her journey, and he was listening with benignant interest.

Three days later he returned the fee which was sent him, having deducted the third-class return fare, thanking us for our undeserved generosity, but explaining that he would count it a shame to grow rich through his services to knowledge. Some years afterward we saw him in the distance, at a great public meeting, and when he mounted the platform the huge audience burst into prolonged applause, and were all the more delighted when he, who never had the remotest idea that people were honoring him, looked around, and, catching sight of a pompous nonentity who followed him, vigorously clapped. And the only other time and the last that I saw him was on the street of a famous city, when he caught sight of a country woman dazed amid the people and the traffic, and afraid to cross to the other side. Whereupon our scholar gave the old woman his arm and led her carefully over; then he bowed to her and shook hands with her, and I watched his tall form and white hair till he was lost in the distance, and I never saw him again, for shortly after he had also passed over to the other side.

Whitewashing vs. Washing White.

(The Rev. Dr. Frank T. Bayley, of Denver, Col.)

I want to talk about two ways of dealing with our sins. Here is a piece of glass which has a spot on it, a black, ugly stain. We do not like the looks of it, do we? We would like to get rid of it: and there are two ways we may try.

Suppose we take a little of this whitewash and cover it out of sight; will not that be a good way? Let us try it. There! you see I have whitewashed it so thoroughly that you can no longer see it: we have disposed of the stain. That is one way of doing it. Now do you think it is all right?

Before you answer, let us look at the glass once more. The black spot is really hidden, you see. Whitewashing appears to be a pretty good way of dealing with spots.—But wait a moment! I find I can't see through this glass! It used to be clear and transparent: I look right through it and see you all. But now it is dull and dim. What is the matter? Ah! the whitewash that covered the spot has spoiled the glass: its clear transparency is ruined!

That is always the result of whitewashing a spot on glass. Yet this is the very way people often take with their sins: grown people and children too. Have you ever known anyone to try that method. Here is a boy who has told a lie. He is hidden by another, you must tell a third to cover the second. The deception that hides sin must be all the time kept up, for the whitewash keeps wearing off. And all the while the heart is getting dull and dead. Its clear transparency is lost: its purity is destroyed. Even though the sin is concealed, the heart is ruined. And all the time the sinner is afraid of being found out. That is the season that people who are deceitful often will not look you straight in the eye. They have lost their purity of heart, and the eye tells the tale.

Let us be thankful that there is another way of dealing with sins, just as there is another way of dealing with the stain on the glass. Let me show you. Here is another glass that has a spot on it. We will undertake now, not to cover the black spot by whitewashing it, but to wash it away altogether. There!—the wet sponge has entirely removed it. It is now gone! And the glass, you see, is not injured as it was before. It is perfectly clear; as transparent as before the stain came upon it. This is just God's way of dealing with a sinful soul. He never whitewashes: He washes white. 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.'

You cannot hide your sin from God.

Her First Cake.

She measured out the butter with a very solemn air,
The milk and sugar also, and she took the greatest care
To count the eggs correctly, and to add a little bit
Of baking-powder, which, you know, beginners oft omit;
Then she stirred it all together,
And she baked it for an hour;
But she never quite forgave herself
For leaving out the flour!

Two Indian Legends.

The first American children—the Indian boys and girls—were as fond of stories as are their white brothers and sisters. Legends were handed down from one generation to another. Many of these stories dealt with the objects that were most familiar to the Indian children: the wild animals, the birds, flowers, the sky and water.

While all Indian tribes had a vague idea of God as the 'Great Spirit,' many of them believed in other spirits. Their legends gave to animals and inanimate objects the power of speech, as the following tales will prove.

The lively little chipmunk, with its curious cheek-pounches and striped back, is still a familiar sight to those who live in the vicinity of forests. The Indians give the following account of these stripes:—

One evening all the animals came together to discuss the question whether there should be day all the time or night all the time. The great white bear decided in favor of darkness. Now the rest of the animals did not approve of this, but they were too much afraid of the bear to remonstrate after he had growled:—

'Darkness, stay!
Stay, dark night!
Let us have the dark!
Let us have no light.'

The chipmunk, however, made a speech in favor of day, although he was willing that darkness and light should alternate. The discussion lasted a long time, so long that the night passed away. When the eastern sky flushed with rosy light, and dawn began to creep over the face of the earth, all saw that the chipmunk had won.

The bear was very angry. He started towards his little opponent. The chipmunk ran. His home, among the roots of a tree, was not far away. He had just reached it when the bear came up with him and struck at him with one huge paw. The bear's claws made long scratches on the little animal's back, but he slipped safely into his home. And, in the stripes, the Indians still see the scratches.

The North American kingfisher has a white spot under his breast. The Indians say that long ago a warrior, who had lost a friend and was searching for him everywhere, sought the kingfisher's aid. The next day the bird went to the warrior and said:—

'I have looked beneath the water and your friend is there. He is the captive of the serpents.'

The warrior was very grateful for this information. He thanked the bird and hung about its neck a medal of wampum. This medal is the white spot still to be seen upon the kingfisher's breast.

Many of the Indians' beautiful legends are interwoven into Longfellow's 'The Song of Hiawatha.'—'The Advance.'

The Game of Alliteration.

Here is a game that may be played by any number of boys and girls. It is a game in which you can have lots of laughter and fun, and one that at the same time will have the effect of making you think quickly.

Each of the players, who sit in a row, tells in order to what place he will travel and what he will do there, always using for principal words (such as nouns, adjectives and verbs) those beginning with a single letter of the alphabet. The first player takes A, the second B, etc. Thus the players in order may say:

'I am going to Africa to Ask an Arab for Apricots.'

'I am going to Boston to Buy Baked Beans.

'I am going to California to Cut Curious Capers.'

'I am going to Damascus to Dine on Delicious Doughnuts,' and so on through the alphabet.

Anyone unable to give a sentence of this kind may be required to pay a forfeit, or a score may be kept, the successful ones being given one point. In this case the company may be divided into sides. The method of playing must be agreed upon beforehand.—'Inquirer.'

Make no Mistakes.

A prominent railway official, it is said, has had posted in a certain station, that not the most brilliant men in the railway service are the most successful, but 'those who make the fewest mistakes.' The rest of the world reached the same conclusion long ago, and is always expressing it in action if not in words. For the brilliant people there are the exceptional calls, the rare chances; but the cool head and steady hand, the wise thoughtfulness and the calm judgment that seldom blunder are wanted always and everywhere. And the comfort of it is that these last may be acquired.—'Forward.'

When Grandma Went Haying.

'Grandma just loved to go haying,' said Mollie, as she showed me this picture, 'and this is just the way she looked, for she told me so, and it might almost be a truly picture of my grandma long long ago.

She laughed when I asked her why I couldn't remember her when she was little, and she said it was too long ago. And she told me lovely stories of how she raked with her big brothers and rode home sometimes on the back of one of the big red oxen, and sometimes snuggled down in the hay on top of the load.

I wonder if any of the other little folks have a grandma who rode on loads of hay when she was very little.'

[For the 'Messenger,' by One of our Younger Readers.

Ethel's Purse.

(By J. A. W.)

It was Ethel's tenth birthday, and what a happy little girl she felt that morning, as she received a kiss and pleasant word from everybody; but best of all, many pretty gifts in memory of the day. One of the prettiest, was a small shell purse, with a gold coin inside from Uncle Jim, in sunny France, across the sea.

What a long happy day that was, and what a lot of tired little people, bid good-bye, but loathe to go, when night came; when Ethel went to bed and dreamt of merry games of hide and seek and many others in the garden, and pony rides, and high swings under the trees; and a most delightful tea in the orchard. Then she dreamt of her gold coin, and how she would spend it on such good things, and go some fine places on the water; but that was only a dream, for she was to spend the coin for others, not for herself.

The next morning Ethel went with her mother to visit her poor people. Ethel liked to visit these people, and to carry the basket, or give out the parcels; and sometimes she would talk to the children and sing them her favorite hymn. It was late in the afternoon, when they came to the last house; but they found the little room closer than ever, and the old woman very sick and cross. But she welcomed them with a smile, and looked quite pleasant when Mrs. Gordon read some verses from a little red book; while Ethel opened the window to let the air in, and tidied the table, and made the room more pleasant. Then they knelt down and offered a prayer for Old Mary, and Ethel sang in her sweet voice, 'Little Pilgrims, Zionward;' and read her text, it was one we all know so well—(Do unto others that you would they should do unto you.)

That evening after tea, when Ethel and her mother sat in the garden, they talked of Old Mary, and of Ethel's text; after the mother had explained it, she asked her little girl, what she meant to do for others; also with her coin? After a few minutes Ethel lifted her head, and whispered: I will spend my gold coin for Old Mary; I can get some flowers and other things to make her better, I want to take care of her all myself, and have her for my own old woman. The mother bent over and kissed little Ethel, and said, smiling; what a pleasant thought for my own little girl to have.

The next day they paid another visit to the old woman, and found her much better; and they took a basket of little comforts, and a lot of red geraniums, besides many

other flowers that were put in a jar on the table. When they left, the little room looked quite different; for Ethel had enjoyed helping to clean the room, and make her old friend more comfortable and happy. When her father heard how his little girl meant to spend her money, he looked pleased and said that he would keep the purse filled, as long as it was used for such a purpose.

It is nearly a year since then, but Ethel still goes to visit her old woman, who loves to see her little comforter, and the little shell purse.

Grandma's Girls and Boys.

(By Glen Catherwood.)

I wish—I wish (said Grandma Gray)
That little boys were always good
That little girls, so fond of play,
Would help their mothers when they should.

I wish all boys would be polite,
And all the little girls were neat,
That all would try to do the right,
And all had tempers that were sweet.

How very pleasant life would be
If every wish of mine came true!
It can be done, you must agree—
And all depends, my dears, on you!

—Dew Drops.

Speckle; The Best Mother Hen.

Speckle was just the 'dearest old mother-hen that ever lived.' So Mrs. Emmett had said many times, and when the brown hen was caught in the barbed-wire fence and left ten little brown chicks without any one to take care of them, every one said: 'Give them to Speckle; she will be just as good to them as their own mother." But where was Speckle? First Allen called her, then Bessie went to look for her; at last Mrs. Emmett herself went to the chicken-yard and called; but no Speckle came. Several days passed, and still she did not come, and the children began to talk about poor old Speckle, for mother said, 'Something must have happened to her.' One morning, about three weeks later, Allen rushed into the house, calling: 'Mother! Bessie! Come quick and see Speckle.' Bessie reached the door first, and there, sure enough, was Speckle, and with her twelve of the cutest, downy little chicks that you ever saw.

It was hard to tell who was the proudest and happiest that day, Speckle or Allen or Bessie.

When night came the mother-hen took her babies off across the field, and Allen followed to see where she went. Just in the edge of the meadow he found a cosy nest completely hidden in the tall grass, and watched Speckle as she gathered her twelve babies under her wings.

One morning as Speckle led her little family across the field for breakfast something seemed to be wrong. The air was dark and thick, and there was a strong smell of smoke. When they reached the farm-yard Bessie and Allen, instead of running to meet them, were climbing rapidly into a waggon with the rest of the family, the barn-doors were all open and bars down, while horses, cows and pigs were running round in a frightened way. The chicken-yard gate, too, was open, and the chickens running and flying as fast as they could go. As the white rooster passed her Mother Speckle asked him what was the matter. He stopped just a minute, and said, 'Why, haven't you heard? The prairie is on fire! Farmer Emmett has taken all the family across the river. That is where we are going, and you would better come too.' Then off he flew.

'A prairie fire,' thought Speckle. 'I wonder what that is. But my babies could not walk to the river even, much less run. I guess I will take them back to the nest, for I can keep them safe there.' The chicks did not want to go, for they had not had their breakfast, but Speckle kept calling them, and slowly she walked backed to the meadow. But this time the smoke made it so dark that the chickens were glad to cuddle down safe and snug under their mother's wings.

The fire came nearer and nearer. Speckle could hear the grass crackling, and tucked her wings down more closely over her babies. Then there was a rush of the flames, and they swept suddenly over the place where the nest was hidden. Just then the wind turned and it began to rain.

That afternoon Farmer Emmett drove back expecting to find everything burned up. When he reached the top of the hill and saw that the fire had not touched his house he turned right round and went back for Mrs. Emmett, Allen and Bessie. They were very happy to come back to their home, but soon the children thought of Speckle, and ran across the meadow to see if her nest, too, was saved. They found the burned body of the dear old mother-hen. When they lifted her tenderly from the nest the babies were as safe and happy as could be. Not one little feather had been burned. Bessie gathered them all up in her apron and took them to the house. When she and her mother were fixing a place for them Allen came up with a box in his arms, saying: 'I think a mother hen that will sit and be burned to death to save her chickens ought to have a funeral as much as any other hero.' 'So do I,' said Bessie.

If you look under the old apple-tree you will find a little mound, and at the head a smooth board on which is printed, 'Old Speckle,' and under it these words, 'The best mother-hen,' and Allen will tell you that that means that she died to save her babies.—'Australian Spectator.'

A Morning Prayer.

Keep my little voice to-day;
Keep it gentle while I pray;
Keep my hands from doing wrong,
Keep my feet the whole day long;
Keep me all, O Jesus mild,
Keep me ever Thy dear child.
—Waif.

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LESSON X.—SEPT. 3.

The Captivity of Judah.

II. Chron. xxxvi., 11-21.

Golden Text.

Be sure your sin will find you out. Num. xxxii., 23.

Commit verses 19-21.

Home Readings.

Monday, Aug. 28.—II. Chron. xxxvi., 11-21.
Tuesday, Aug. 29.—II. Kings xxv., 1-12.
Wednesday, Aug. 30.—II. Kings xxv., 13-21.
Thursday, Aug. 31.—Jer. xxxix., 1-10.
Friday, Sept. 1.—Lev. xxvi., 14-26.
Saturday, Sept. 2.—Lev. xxvi., 27-39.
Sunday, Sept. 3.—Ps. cxxxvii., 1-9.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

The siege and capture of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar make a lurid and frightful page of history. In spite of the added horrors of pestilence and famine, the besieged held out with desperate persistence for eighteen months. Only the great natural advantages of their situation and the impregnable strength of their fortifications made it possible for them to do so. But they were resisting invincible might and the most approved weapons and methods of the times.

At a superficial glance, this revolt against Babylon was as justifiable and patriotic as our American Revolution, and, from the human standpoint, not more desperate, in view of the proffered aid of Egypt. But there was one fact sufficient to cover it with infamy and insure defeat. It was directly contrary to the expressed will of God. And there is no concord between impiety and patriotism.

The seventy-fourth Psalm gives a vivid, prophetic description of the siege. There was an unearthly din. The noises were much more confused and piercing than in modern warfare—the shouts of the hand-to-hand combatants, the clang of the catapult, the whir of its missile. 'Thine enemies roar in the midst of thy congregations.' The brazen columns and vessels, too large to be carried away whole, were broken in pieces. 'They broke down the carved work with axes and hammers.' The air was thick withignited darts. 'They have cast fire into thy sanctuary.'

If the garrison had been put to the sword at once, and the city sacked, there would have been less refinement of cruelty. The princes were not accorded a soldier's death, but were executed like criminals; and, after a whole month's respite, the city and temple were deliberately and utterly ruined.

Why such a cruel fate to such apparently patriotic and courageous defenders? Why did God thus 'disgrace the throne of his glory' in spite of the prophet's prayer?

This was no hasty or irascible judgment. God's people had had line upon line and precept upon precept. Israel had gone into captivity first that Judah might not go. The part she took was made hard for her, that she might the more be inclined to forsake it. Destruction had been repeatedly averted. The city had been previously besieged,partially despoiled, and some of the people deported; two kings were already in captivity; three prophets simultaneously warned and entreated. God's messages were numerous, emphatic, unmistakable. One startling object-lesson followed another. What more could God have done for his vineyard that he did not do in order to have it produce the fruits of repentance and reformation?

But Divine instruction and discipline were alike unavailing. There was an obstinate persistence in the setting up of idols, until the very sanctuary was defiled with the lascivious Adonis worship. What Ezekiel saw in the temple,

'When by the vision led,
His eyes surveyed the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah,'

would justify the awful cataclysm of the siege and capture. Her cup of inquity was full. She knew her duty. She did it not. There was no alternative. She must be beaten with many stripes.

God's flail fell with awful and apparently destroying blows upon the nation. But after the pitiless thrashing, the wheat of the nation, thoroughly winnowed from the chaff of idolatry, was gathered in the remnant that returned from the exile. Thus God made the wrath of man to praise him. He brought everlasting good out of superlative and apparently unmixed evil.

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

I. The siege of Jerusalem.
Persistent endurance of the garrison.
Invincible might of the besiegers.
The cataclysm.
II. Cruel fate of Judah justified.
Resistance to Babylon contrary to Divine command.
Warnings of Providence and prophets.
Persistence in idolatry.
Cup full.
III. Providence brings good out of evil
Thrashing of siege, captive, and captivity.
Remnant as wheat winnowed from chaff of idolatry.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

We are hearing the death-rattle of war in our day. That giant evil of humanity which laid its withering hand upon thirteen millions in the last century (that, too, a comparatively peaceful one) is in his turn to be laid low. It has remained for the last great unlimited monarch of Europe to illustrate the inutility and barbarity of war. The story of this siege of Jerusalem is frightful, but, unhappily, it is not solitary.

A new, vigorous, moral propaganda has begun, which will not be abandoned until there is no further use for it. It will be the greatest movement of its kind in history, because it will be internatiocal and universal. As it progresses proportionate disarmament of all nations will begin, and universal arbitration will become the rule.

Ancient Scripture has foretold this in familiar and happy phrase. The garment will cease to be rolled in blood, the noise of battle will be stilled, swords will be beaten into plough-shares and spears into pruning-hooks. There will be universal right living (righteousness) and its concomitants, peace and joy.

Jeremiah was a lofty patriot. His eye was undimmed by any sordid motive. He saw what was impending. He had courage to tell what he saw if the heavens fell. He was witness to the death-throes of a Commonwealth, and wrote the epitaph of a monarchy.

But even at the bedside of the dying State there was 'a resurrection gleam.' The prophet proclaimed that after all the Sabbatical years which had been omitted should be a restoration.

What more could the Lord have done for his vineyard that he did not do for it? He sent glorious reforming prophets like Elijah, Elisha, Amos, Isaiah, and Jeremiah. He gave them ideal monarchs, like Asa, Hezekiah and Josiah. The lower kingdom had the exemplary advantage of the upper kingdom. Abundant space for reformation was allowed three hundred years or more. How those advantages were scorned is indicated when Jerusalem is called the slaughter-house of the prophets.

If exception could be made in any instance, it should be in the case of the peculiar people, the chosen of the Lord. But it is distinctly said that 'the wrath of the Lord arose against his people.' No nation has ever been immune against the operation of natural law, which, in its punitive operation is frequently described as the wrath of the Lord. Law is the will of God, which grinds with exactness and grinds exceedingly small. No nation, as no individual, can escape the operation of law.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Sept. 3.—Topic—The abundant life: How get it? How use it? John x., 7-10; Rom. v., 19-21.

The dominant ideal of religion in the Middle Ages was that of negative goodness. To conserve this a retreat was made from the world. Caves and dens were at a premium. The artificial life of isolation was more and more adopted. Great was the error and many were the penalties of it. The true ideal is exactly the reverse. The Christian is to be positive, aggressive, dominant. He is not merely to have enough religion to keep himself from evil. He is to meet and subdue the forces of evil in social life. The 'abounding sin' of the world must be offset and reduced, if not entirely eliminated, by the overplus of grace 'abounding' in Christian men and women. Thus in no mystical way, by no supernatural cataclysm will the world be redeemed, but by the evolution of universal right living (righteousness). This is the kingdom of God and how it comes.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Monday, Aug. 28.—Why they were defeated. Josh. vii., 10-15.

Tuesday, Aug. 29.—Casting lots. Josh. vii., 16-18.

Wednesday, Aug. 30.—Achan's guilt. Josh. vii., 19-23.

Thursday, Aug. 31.—Achan's punishment. Josh. vii., 24-26.

Friday, Sept. 1.—Another attack planned. Josh. viii., 1-8.

Saturday, Sept. 2.—Ai captured. Josh. viii., 9-22.

Sunday, Sept. 3.—Topic—A city that was not conquered, and why. Josh. vii., 1-12.

The Teacher's Strength.

I look up to my Father,
And know that I am heard,
And ask Him for the glowing thought,
And for the fitting word;
I look up to my Father,
I cannot teach alone;
'Tis sweeter far to seek His strength,
Than lean upon my own.
—F. R. Havergal.

Feeding Daily on the Bread of Life.

Henry Ward Beecher, commenting on Jesus as the bread of life, in one of his sermons, relates this illuminating incident: 'I remember what bread was to me when I was a boy. I could not wait till I was dressed in the morning, but ran and cut a slice from the loaf—all the way round, too—to keep me until breakfast; and at breakfast, if diligence in eating earned wages, I should have been well paid. And then I could not wait for dinner, but ate again, and then at dinner; and I had to eat again before tea, and at tea—and lucky if I didn't eat again after that. It was bread, bread, all the time with me,—bread that I lived on and got strength from. Just so religion is the bread of life; but you make it cake,—you put it away in your cupboard, and never use it but when you have company. You cut it into small pieces and put it on china plates, and pass it daintily around, instead of treating it as bread,—common, hearty bread, to be used every hour.'—'S. S. Times.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Correspondence

Bertha Goodenough, S. H., Que., went to a French school this year, and liked it very much. She wonders how many girls and boys who take the 'Messenger' can speak French. She says she is going to have a flower garden. She lives in the country, and has great fun helping make hay in summer.

Vera G. Friggens (address not given) says: 'We have an old willow tree with steps going up it, and seats around it.'

A. M. C., Lammermoor, Ont., says: 'I wish Gladys J. would write more of her interesting letters.'

T. M., N.B., gives the verse of the Bible with all the letters except J., Ezra vii., 21.

Molly C. (11), W. Assa., plays the organ, but prefers studying.

Jessie M. F., (12), W. H., N.S., asks who knows which is the middle verse of the Bible.

Harris Wilbur, H. B., Man. (8), writes very well, if he wrote his letter himself.

Irene M. Donley (8), Minto, says: 'We have a concert in our school every Friday.'

Walter Scott Domoney, P., Alberta, says although he lives in what is called Sunny Alberta, the thermometer went down to thirty-four below zero last February.

Norman Good, R., Alta., would have been in the sixth book this year at school, but could not be spared from home.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Pansies.' Aubrey McL. (13), D., N.S.

2. 'Hurrah for the Ranch.' Wilson Porter, D., Ont.

3. 'General Wolfe.' Roy L. (10), W., Ont.

4. 'Woodcutter's Home.' Ida R. Prasky (14), F., Ont.

5. 'Boat and Tent.' Ralph Estey (12), Eton, N.B.

6. 'The King' (lion). Clausen Thompson (10) N., Man.

7. 'In the Park.' John Albert Feng.

8. 'Teapot.' Florence A. Duncan, W.'s C., Ont.

9 and 10. 'Fruit.' Annie I. Langille (10), D., N.S.

11. Lady Grey and her calf called May.' Gertrude Comerford (13), E., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I am very fond of reading, and mamma calls me her 'Book Worm.' I also am very fond of sewing, and would like to be a dressmaker. Can any one tell me how many Bible. I go to the Baptist Sunday-school and church, and I joined the church nearly two years ago. I am very fond of flowers. So my sister and I attend the gardens. We have two horses, one colt named Nellie, which thinks herself very smart; also four calves, five cows and some hens, sheep and pigs. Nearly all our sheep are very tame, and will eat salt from our hands. If I see this letter in print, I may write again, as I take a great interest in the Correspondence Page.

VIOLET B. N.

I., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have often thought of writing to the 'Messenger,' but this time will endeavor to make it successful. I get the paper every week at Sunday-school, and nearly always read it through. We all enjoy it very much. I have two brothers, but no sisters, so I am the only girl. My eldest brother is eleven years old, and he and myself are in the senior fourth book at school. My youngest brother is eight years old, and he is in the senior second book. This place is situated on the Thames river, ten miles from Woodstock. In the summer, it is quite a pretty place, there being no wooden sidewalks in it (all paved, and is a thriving little business centre. Although we have no high school, the railways are very accommodating in allowing the scholars to go to D., a town twelve miles east of this village. With best wishes to the 'Messenger' and all its readers, I will close.

CLARA L. CAMPBELL.

E., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I was at my grandpa's this winter, and got the 'Messenger' there. Auntie told me if I would write a letter to the 'Messenger' she would send me the paper for a year. I am delighted with the offer, and will try to do my part. We live in the country, about ten miles from the city of Hamilton. We can see Lake Ontario from here. I was at Niagara Falls in the summer, and enjoyed the scenery very much. I passed the entrance when I was eleven years old. I have three sisters and one brother. He is seven years old.

MAGGIE E. STEWART.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

LABRADOR COT FUND.

A Friend, Bowmansville, $5; A Friend, Guelph, $5; J. Mackay, Melbourne, $1; L. Mackay, Melbourne, $1; Interested Reader, Mitchell, $1; Matie McFarland, Hockley, $1; M. Morrison, Vegreville, 50c; Carl, Raymond and Robina Johnston, Valley Station, 30c; Alfred Rice, 50c; Ebenezer Rice, 50c; R. Willie Irwin, Souris, 50c; Roy Irwin, Souris, 50c; the McQueen Children, 50c; the McDairmid Children, 20c; E. and L., 30c; Elsie Campbell, Yearley, 10c; E. P., Cobden, 10c; Merton Mouley, Brinsley, 10c; making a total for the last two weeks of $18.10.

Temperance

'Only a Boy.'

'Only a boy,' did you say, sir?
'Only a boy,' to be sure;
If I live I'll be a man, sir,
And try to be good and pure.

'Only a boy' can say 'No,' sir,
'Only a boy' can be strong
In the strength which Jesus gives him,
When tempted to do the wrong.

Think though I'm 'only a boy,' sir,
The beginning of a man,
I'm a bit of God's great world, sir,
And included in His plan.

I can work for the good of others,
And I promise to abstain
By the help of God from drink, sir,
And the evils in its train.

—'Australian Christian World.'

How No-license Hurts.

Shenandoah, Iowa, is a lovely little city of nearly 4,000 inhabitants, who are all well-to-do, have fat bank accounts, are up-to-date in every particular and are quite as proud as they are contented. It looks like a New England town, and is settled with New England people. The residents are nearly all of American birth; there are no foreigners except a few Swedes, who are employed in the nurseries. There are no saloons, and everybody testifies that no liquor is sold surreptitiously at the drug stores. Therefore there is no disorder, no crime, no vice, no poverty, and nothing for the criminal courts to do. There are no police, because none is needed, and the money that other towns pay for such purposes is here expended on the schools.—The Chicago 'Record-Herald.'

Sister Sue.

(Mina E. Goulding, in 'The Adviser.')

'Marjory, Marjory, I want you!' called Mrs. Trent from the doorstep, her clear mellow voice dwelling tenderly on the child's name.

Marjory came running up breathless.

'Give up play now, my dear,' said her mother, 'and run for father's ale before you get your supper.'

The child went off gaily on her errand, and in ten minutes came back with her jug almost full, and set it on the dresser. Her pretty face was all aglow after her hour's romp on the green, and Ned Haynes, the lodger, gazed wistfully at her from behind his newspaper, as she sat on her little stool eating her bowl of bread-and-milk. When she had finished it she kissed her father and mother and smiled a sweet, shy good-night to Ned, and then went singing up the stairs to her tiny bedroom.

'I had a little sister once, and she was so very like your Marjory,' said Ned presently.

'Dead, is she?' asked Marjory's father, a hard-working, slow-speaking man. He helped out his question with an upward jerk of his big brown forefinger, meant to suggest that there is a home above where those who die await us, who are left to mourn them.

But Ned shook his head, and a deep flush spread over his handsome young face. It was laid upon his heart to tell a tale to these simple folks that night. It was a tale so hard for him to tell, but he clasped his hands tight beneath his newspaper, and said to himself, 'For the sake of little Marjory, whom I love, I will tell it.'

Mr. Trent was not an inquisitive man. He sat looking into the fire as though Ned had not answered his question. But his wife being of quite an opposite turn of mind felt a burning desire growing within her to learn all there was to be learnt of the young man. He had come to superintend the carpentry at a big red-stone mansion that was being built just outside Tillerton; but though he had lodged with her for a month, she knew next to nothing about him.

'Would you care to hear about my father

and mother and my little sister?' said Ned.

'Ay, let's have it,' said James Trent.

'There's nothing we should like better,' echoed his wife.

'Well, I come from the other side of London, Berkshire way,' said Ned. 'Father he was wheelwright in the village, and thought a deal of. There was only father and mother and Sue and me, of a family. I'm a teetotaller now, as you know, but I wasn't brought up to that way of thinking. Father he had his glass of ale for dinner and supper as regular as clockwork, and mother had her little drop whenever she had a mind to, and I had to fetch it for them.

'Drink never was a temptation to me. It was against orders to touch it on the way home, but many a sly drink I took off and on, when I happened to be thirsty. Still I could always take it or leave it, as the saying is.

'But when I was fifteen I started to work with father, and then I stuck out against fetching the ale. "Let Sue go," I said; and mother offered no objection, and Sue went from then till she was fifteen.

'She was a very tall girl for her age, and uncommonly pretty. We thought nothing good enough for her, and when she tired of our quiet life—well, we all said "No wonder," and so our Sue went out to serve in a clergyman's family, and to see the world. Poor Sue! The family moved far away to the north soon after, and took her with them, and we saw her no more for three years. Then father died suddenly, and we sent for her, and she left her place and came home.

'But when we saw her, mother and me, our hearts sank; for she was no more like the Sue who went away than our poor father's dead body was like the living man who had loved us and toiled for us.

'She told us all about it in the night after the funeral. She knelt on the hearth and hid her face in mother's apron and sobbed it all out. It seemed as if she was bound body and soul by drink. She had got to care for nothing else in all the world.

'We had thought it hard to have death in the house, but, oh, it was a sight harder to have our Sue a drunkard, and only eighteen! and to learn, as we did that night, that she had got to love the drink just by taking little sips from the jug when she fetched the ale!

'Nobody knows but me, now that mother is gone, how hard we tried to keep her at home and help her break loose from her chain. We turned teetotal, mother and me, and we begged and prayed of her not to give in; but all our help came too late.

'Before long everybody in the village knew about our trouble, and then Sue ran away, and we couldn't trace her. Mother she quite broke down then, and pined away; and I just thanked God from my heart when I laid her away quietly beside father, knowing her soul was at rest.

'And now,' said Ned, looking from one to the other with the tears in his honest eyes, 'there's your little Marjory subject to just the same temptation. I wouldn't have told you of my poor Sue, for her disgrace is mine, no. I would not have told you a word, only for your sweet little maid, who reminds me of her fifty times a day.'

Mrs. Trent wiped her eyes and sat silent, but her husband rose to his feet.

'Mother,' said he, 'put on the kettle and make sumat hot, tea or coffee, whichever's handiest,' and as he spoke he made his way slowly, with heavy steps, to the jug on the dresser. He turned it upside down over the sink, and rinsed it out, and hung it up on its peg, then he sat down and nodded at Ned, as much as to say 'That's done,' and never from that day did James Trent 'break teetotal.'

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

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HOUSEHOLD.

The Inscription for a Guest Chamber.

(Mrs. Carroll B. Fisher, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

A large upper chamber whose window opened toward the sun-rising. The name of the chamber was Peace.—John Bunyan.

Whoever you are, guest of an hour, I wish you well, peace be with you.—Pastor Wagner, in 'The Simple Life.'

There is a sun-lit chamber
Where peace and quiet dwell;
The wearied guest finds tranquil rest
And a faith that all is well.

Who rests within that chamber
Gets healing in his soul;
God gives to His beloved ones
In sleep, and makes them whole.

Who tarries in that chamber
Goes forth with courage high:
With new-born hope, all ill to cope
Or hush a bairnie's cry.

. . . . . .

May rest, too, be thy portion
Who tarriest in this place.
Peace without guile, and often while
Glimpse of the Father's face.

Cultivate the Voice.

Don't neglect the cultivation of the voice. The charm of a beautiful voice lingers in the mind forever. It stirs the heart.

Don't neglect daily breathing exercises. Only the woman who knows how to breathe properly is going to get the most out of her voice. Deep breathing clears the voice and gives it fullness and softness.

Don't breathe through the mouth, but through the nose; and inhale as deeply as possible.

Don't always try to speak in a 'sweet, low voice.' Cultivate variety. Let the tones be gay, warm and vivacious.

Don't think you can have a good speaking or singing voice unless you stand erect, with a free, light, buoyant carriage of the body, with the weight carried well on the balls of the feet.

Don't when sitting, settle down in a collapsed attitude, with all the weight resting on the small of the back. Hold the chest high, take long breaths and expand the lungs.

Don' let a sleepy, dreamy, unsocial temper control you, so that you speak in a dull, thick tone at the back of the throat, which is the most trying of all voices to understand.

Don't take life too seriously if you want a melodious voice. Relax the strained muscles of the face and neck and look and be happy and contented. Think of pleasant things.

Don't tire the voice. If the throat is sore keep the tongue quiet. Common sense is as important a quality in training the voice as it is in everything else.—The 'North-Western Christian Advocate.'

Selected Recipes.

Lima Beans.—After cooking the beans, take a few tablespoonfuls of them from the saucepan and mash them with a spoon. Add half a tablespoonful of butter, a little cream, and a quarter of a cupful of the water the beans were boiled in. Drain all the water off the beans, and pour in the sauce. Stir, and let it boil up once before serving.—'Evening Post.'

Stuffed Cabbage.—Stuffed cabbage is a very dainty and appetizing hot weather entree if care be taken to procure one of the crisp, early, summer cabbages. Cut off the stalk very close and spread apart the outside leaves, so that the heart can be cut out, leaving a small natural cup to be filled. The cabbage which has been removed is to be chopped up fine with English walnuts or pecans, moistened with cream, and then put back, the outside leaves to be tied closely about it while it steams in a double boiler. Allow it to cook slowly till thoroughly done and serve with butter sauce. —'Mail.'

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IF YOU ARE SICK

and ailing, weak, debilitated, worn-out, feeble, if the organs of your body are not working rightly, in proper harmony, if your mind is not strong and clear because of bodily ill health, if your food does not feed you, if your sleep does not rest you, if your blood does not strengthen and sustain you, you can have the advantage of a mineral spring condensed and concentrated, every glass of which is equal to 53 glasses of the waters of the most powerful healing mineral spring of which man knows, every glassful of which will help set you right, make you hearty and whole, and you can have it brought, ready to your hand and lips, right to your chamber door.

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and will do all this. It is an Ore, a mineral, from a mine of medicine-bearing rock, that has been ground up and pulverized into a fine powder. You have only to mix the Ore with water (nothing else) to make the water that is all this, that will do all this, that will do it as surely as the sun rises every morning in the eastern sky and sets in the western. It is from the earth's veins, and was put there for the good of your veins, to give to your body those elements which in ill health are lacking, to make rich, red blood, to make health, strength, life and energy—what God intended that every man and woman should have.

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of this Ore for the asking. It will not cost you one penny if it does not help you. If it does help you, you will then owe us One Dollar. If it does not help you, you will owe us nothing. You have but to ask for it, to say that you have never before used it, that you want and need it, and a package will be sent to you, enough to make 128 glasses of this all-powerful, all-pervading, all-reaching, all-curing, all-healing water. You are to judge it; you are to decide whether or not it has helped you, whether or not you should pay for it. You alone are to be the judge. Read our special offer.

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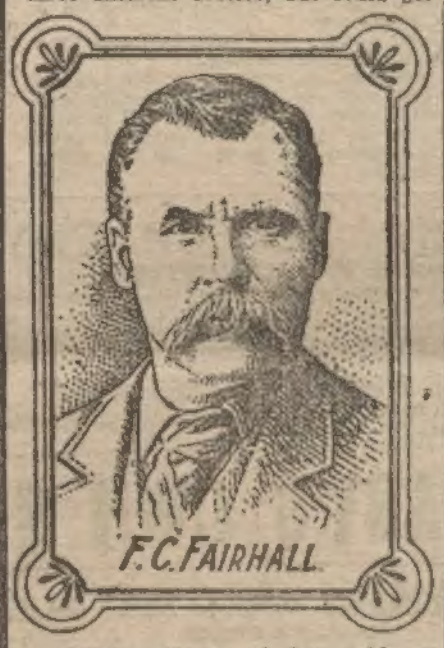
Centralia, Ontario.

I was a great sufferer from Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, Indigestion and Nervousness. I doctored with three different doctors, but could get



no relief, and one of them told me that medicine was of no use, and stated that my mind was affected from my different ailments. I was advised by a neighbor who had answered the Vitae-Ore advertisement and was using Vitae-Ore, to give this medicine a trial. I sent for a package, and used it, and then sent for another, and before I had finished the second package I was completely cured, and can now eat and sleep as good as I did 10 years ago. I thank God for what V.-O. has done for me, and I believe it will prove a blessing to every ailing person who gives it a trial. F. C. FAIRHALL.

WE WILL SEND

to every subscriber and reader of the NORTHERN MESSENGER, a full-sized one dollar package of VITAE-ORE by mail POSTPAID, sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt, if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs and doses of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. Read this over again carefully, and understand that we ask our pay only when it has done you good, and not before. **We take all the risk; you have nothing to lose.** If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. We give you thirty days' time to try the medicine, thirty days to see results before you need pay us one cent, and you do not pay the one cent unless you do see the results. **You are to be the judge!** We know that when this month's treatment of VITAE-ORE has either cured you or put you on the road to cure, you will be more than willing to pay. We know VITAE-ORE, and are willing to take the risk.

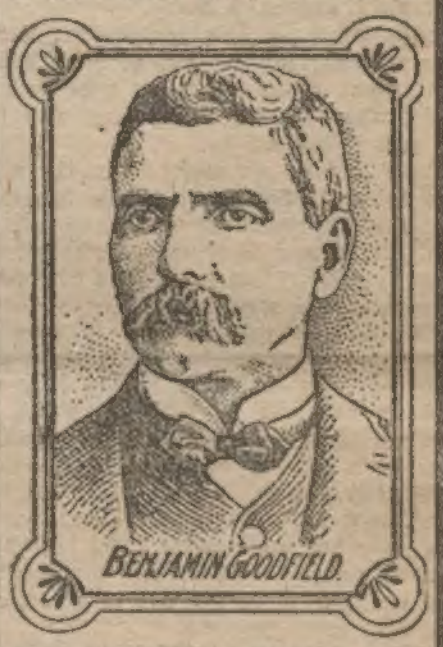
What Vitae-Ore is: VITAE-ORE is a natural, hard, adamantine rock-like substance—mineral—ORE—mined from the ground like gold and silver, in the neighborhod of a once powerful, but now extinct, mineral spring. It requires twenty years for oxidation by exposure to the air, when it slacks down like lime, and is then of medicinal value. It contains free iron, free sulphur and free magnesium, three properties which are most essential for the retention of health in the human system, and one package—one ounce—of the ORE, when mixed with a quart of water, will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 200 gallons of the most powerful mineral water drank fresh from the springs. It is a geological discovery, in which there is nothing added or taken from. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as **Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Dropsy, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Ailments, Stomach and Female Disorders, La Grippe, Malarial Fever, Nervous Prostration and General Debility,** as thousands testify, and as no one answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. **VITÆ-ORE** has cured more chronic, obstinate, pronounced incurable cases than any other known medicine, and will reach such cases with a more rapid and powerful curative action than any medicine, or combination of medicines, or doctor's prescriptions, which it is possible to procure.

VITAE-ORE will do the same for you as it has for hundreds of readers of the NORTHERN MESSENGER if you will give it a trial. Send for a one-dollar package at our risk. You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer this announcement. We want no one's money whom VITAE-ORE cannot benefit. You are to be the judge! Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, who desires a cure, and is willing to pay for it, would hesitate to try VITAE-ORE on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. We mean just what we say in this announcement, and will do just as we agree. Write to-day for a package at our risk and expense, giving age and ailments and mention the NORTHERN MESSENGER, so we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer.

READ THE TESTIMOHY.

Victoria, B.C.

For some years I suffered from a lame back, which some mornings was so bad I could hardly dress myself.



I used a number of different medicines without benefit, and at last became discouraged, as I seemed to get worse. I noticed the Vitae-Ore advertisement in the 'Montreal Weekly Star,' and sent for a $1.00 package. To-day I feel more like a man of 24 than 48, as it has done wonders for me. I have gained in flesh and am now free from all aches and pains. Vitae-Ore cured me of my trouble, and I will always praise it in the highest terms. It is certainly a great boon to suffering humanity. BENJAMIN GOODFIELD, 50 David street.

TO CHRONIC INVALIDS:

What a tale of life is unfolded in the words "Chronic Invalid," what years of misery, suffering, pain, distress, care and anxiety, hope deferred, ambitions unfulfilled. The man, or men, who would hold out a promise of restoration and recovery, unless that promise was founded on some solid foundation of fact, who would raise a hope of health and strength in the invalid's feebly fluttering heart, knowing that the means offered were insufficient to accomplish the ends promised, would indeed be deserving of eternal torment, of a place in the annals of infamy, and to be reviled of all men. As the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, so should the pathway of the invalid, shorn of the strength and vigor in which robust humankind glories, debarred from the mind-rest resultant from activity, bereft of that which is of all things most essential to happiness, be tempered from every ill wind, be shielded from any new distress, and be spared from any fresh disappointment.

The Proprietors of VITÆ-ORE offer this medicine to invalids of all descriptions, suffering from any of the numerous forms of the diseases and disorders herein named, and can assure them, with a conscientious assurance, born of many years familiarity with the remarkable cures accomplished by this medicine, that it will not disappoint them, will not raise hopes to be unfulfilled, to be dashed to the ground. **Particularly to Women,** made chronic invalids by the many troubles peculiar to the sex, does it offer a complete and radical cure, a permanent restoration to health and virile life. The book, "For Women Only," which we send free on request to any woman in any part of the world, contains letters from women in every section of the country, who have been chronic invalids for years, a burden to themselves and families, but who are now happily cured by this truly remarkable medicine. We ask only investigation, and a trial according to our offer, with every confidence that such a test will be convincing of the utter and absolute truth of our published statements.

A Certain Never-Failing Cure for

Rheumatism
Bright's Disease and Dropsy
La Grippe
Blood Poisoning
Piles, Sores, Ulcers, Malarial Fever, Nervous Prostration
Liver, Kidney and Bladder Troubles
Catarrh of Any Part, Female Complaints
Stomach and Bowel Disorders
General Debility

NOT A PENNY UNLESS BENEFITED!

This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude of every living person who desires better health or who suffers pain, ills and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your immediate personal investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package on trial. ADDRESS

THEO. NOEL CO., LIMITED, N. M. DEPT., TORONTO, ONT.